

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκalon τι καὶ θεῖον ἐστίν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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The musical world have latterly been on the *qui vive*, in consequence of the numerous paragraphs which have appeared respecting the brilliant musical talent of Miss Austin, a pupil of Mr. T. Welsh's. This young lady made her *debut* last week at Covent Garden Theatre, before a full and fashionable audience, in Dr. Arne's opera of *Artaxerxes*, which appears to be a favourite with Mr. Welsh for the introduction of his pupils. We think the selection an injudicious one, inasmuch as dialogue is totally excluded from the opera, and recitative supplies its place, and is consequently difficult for English vocalists, as our language is not so well adapted to give effect to recitative, neither are our singers so *au fait* in this branch of the art. The opera of *Artaxerxes*, as it was produced on the present occasion, cannot be said to be entirely Dr. Arne's, for Mr. Bishop has introduced a quintett and chorus at the end of the first act, which he has taken from Mozart; and has also added materially to the orchestral parts. We do not consider the substitution of the quintett by Mozart, instead of the pleasing *morceau*, "Mild as the Moon Beams," a long accepted favourite, a change for the better; and the omission of the duet "For thee I live my dearest," was a proof of bad taste. There has been some improvement in the scoring of the opera, as also in the introduction of several orchestral parts; but we beg leave to inform Mr. Welsh that we think the tones of his pianoforte were rather too *forte* for the orchestra. The *debut* of Miss Austin would be termed highly successful, if tested merely by the applause of the audience, for she was in fact cheered from first to last; and those portions of the opera which she executed the worst, were the most loudly applauded; we need only instance the reception bestowed on "Monster away!" This air was given without the slightest fervour or animation; it is what is termed "a fine acting song," and should be given with some

VOL. XIII—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

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force to express the passion,—Miss Austin made it tame, cold, and spiritless. "Fly soft ideas" was better given, as it afforded opportunity of execution, but it was wanting in expression. "The Music Master's triumph," "The Soldier tired," was the best portion of this lady's performance, and in part, it was well given, although we did not admire the liberty taken in altering several passages, for the purpose of exhibiting the singer's facility of execution in the upper part of her voice. "The Soldier tired" is capable of being rendered effective by any singer of moderate talent, and is so clever a piece of *musical trickery* (if we may be allowed the term) that it does not require the introduction of any of Mr. Welsh's *grace notes*; it was honoured with an encore, and it was deserved. Miss Austin's voice is a high *soprano* of tolerable power, and moderate compass. The upper portion of the voice is decidedly the best, although some of the tones are shrill and harsh, which is the result of overstraining, a fault of which Mr. Welsh has been guilty with several of his pupils. The lower part of the voice is very poor, and the middle tones are feeble, and it is altogether deficient in expression and sweetness. Everything appears to us to have been sacrificed for the purpose of straining this lady's voice to *E*, with an anxious flirting to get acquainted with the note above it. This lady's voice is said "to embrace within its range three octaves, at least;"—we should say two and a half, at most. The facility of her execution is considerable, but her enunciation is very indistinct; and as is the case with all voices overstrained, the lady frequently sings out of tune—SHARP. Mr. Charles Young has given this lady instructions in acting; it would have been much better for her had he kept his lessons to himself. Her action is far from graceful, and she never appeared at ease.

Mr. Borroni made a successful *débüt* as *Artabanes*, his voice is a *baritone* of good power, and considerable sweetness; and he sings with energy and expression. His execution of "Behold on Lethe's dismal strand," and "Thy Father away," was impressive and energetic, but a little too overacted. This gentleman will be found a most valuable acquisition to the theatre. Mr. Rooke's pupil, Harrison, has added materially to his already well-earned fame, by his masterly execution of the music of *Arbaces*. His "Water parted from the sea," was the gem of the opera, and enthusiastically encored. His enunciation is clear and distinct, but his pronunciation is capable of improvement, and we should recommend him to attend to it. The *Artaxerxes* of Mrs. Charles Mathews was a clever performance, and although time has made some inroad in her once fine full toned *contralto*, still there was sufficient left to give delight to all she attempted. She met with a well merited encore in the song, "In infancy our Hopes and Fears." The greatest praise is due to the fair lessee for the splendid style in which she has produced this opera. The scenery is well executed, and beautiful, and the dresses and decorations are costly and magnificent.

#### A COMPOSER'S ADVICE TO A RISING SINGER.

M. Masset, a young tenor, made his *début* some days ago at the Opera Comique, at Paris. After stating that it was a most successful one, and that the debutant's voice is one of the finest and most extensive Paris can boast

of, M. Berlioz bestows on him the following advice, after the fashion of that which Don Quixote gave Sancho when the worthy squire was about to take possession of the government of Barataria :—

"Masset, you have now made your way. In some weeks you will be celebrated. Your voice will soon be polished, and your talent finished; you will have abundant applause, and endless emoluments. Authors will court you, managers will no longer make you wait in their ante chambers, and if you write to them they will answer you. Women unknown to you, and whom you never will know, will speak of you as of a *protégé* or intimate friend. Books in prose and verse will be dedicated to you. Instead of five francs you will be obliged to give your door-keeper a hundred on New Year's Day. You will be exempted from doing duty in the National Guard. You will get leave of absence now and then, and cities will then quarrel for your performances. Your feet will be covered with flowers and sonnets. You will sing in the Prefect's drawing-rooms, and the Mayor's wife will send you apricots. In short, you are on the threshold of Olympus; for, if the Italians call the cantatrici *divæ* (goddesses), it is clear enough that great male singers are gods. Well, then, since you are a god, be a good devil, nevertheless, and do not too much despise folks that may give you wholesome advice.

"Remember, that a voice is a fragile instrument, which declines or breaks down in an instant, often without any known cause; remember, that such an accident suffices to precipitate the greatest of gods from the highest throne, to reduce him to the condition of a man, and sometimes to something less.

"Be not too harsh with the poor composers. When from the height of your elegant cabriolet you perceive in the street Meyerbeer, Spontini, Halevy, or Auher, on foot, do not salute them with a little nod of patronage, at which they would laugh in pity. Forget not that many of their works will be admired and full of life when the recollection of your highest note has vanished for ever.

"If you take a trip to Italy, do not get enthusiastic about some second-rate weaver of cavatinas; do not, when you return, pronounce him a classic composer, and tell us with an impartial look that Beethoven had also some talent; for there is no god than can escape ridicule.

"When you accept new parts, do not permit yourself to change anything in them at the representation without the author's consent. You know that a single note added, retrenched, or transposed, may flatten a melody and change its expression. Besides, it is a right which can in no case be yours. To modify the music one sings, or the book one translates, without saying one word about it to him who wrote it only after a vast deal of reflection, is an outrageous breach of good faith. People who borrow *without warning* are called thieves, faithless interpreters are calumniators and assassins.

"If, peradventure, you have a rival whose voice has more vigour than yours, don't, in a duet, play at lungs with him, for rest assured that we must not struggle against the iron pot, even when we happen to be a china vase. In your provincial tours, when you speak of the Opera Comique and its choral and instrumental company, be careful not to say *my theatre, my choruses, my orchestra*. The provincial folks do not like, more than the Parisians, to be taken for silly people; they know full well that you belong to the theatre, and that the theatre does not belong to you, and they would think your conceited language perfectly grotesque.

"And now, friend Sancho, receive my blessing; go and govern Barataria; it is a rather low island, but the most fertile one, perhaps, in *terra firma*. The people are but indifferently civilized; encourage public instruction; may, in two years hence, they who know how to read no longer be distrusted as detestable sorcerers; don't be deceived by the praise of such as may sit down to thy table; forget thy confounded proverbs; when in public thrust no more thy hands into thy pockets like a muleteer; never fail to thy word; let those who may trust their interests to thee be assured that thou wilt not betray them, and may thy voice be in tune for everybody."

M. Masset, a young tenor, made his debut some days ago in the Opera Comique at Paris. After stating that it was a most successful one, and that the debutant's voice is one of the finest and most extensive Paris can boast.

## UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF GLUCK.

The following letter contains the opinion of the Composer on two of his best works; it is addressed to the celebrated poet Klopstock, at Hamburg:

Vienne, 10 Mai 1780.

"Je viens vous informer, très cher ami, que M. Schreöter a obtenu ici les suffrages unanimes de la cour et du public; et certes, il les a bien mérités, car c'est un acteur vraiment extraordinaire; aussi, je ne doute point qu'il ne soit très content de Vienne. Vous me faites toujours des reproches de ce que je ne vous envoie pas des explications sur la manière dont *Alceste* doit être exécuté au théâtre. Je l'aurais fait depuis long-temps, si je l'eusse trouvé praticable. Quant au chant, il présente peu de difficulté pour une personne qui a du sentiment; elle n'a qu'à céder à l'inclination de son cœur. Mais l'accompagnement demande tant d'observations, que sans ma présence il serait impossible de rien faire. Telles notes doivent être produites tenues, telles autres détachées; celles-ci moitié fortes, celles-là plus fortes ou plus faibles. Indiquer le mouvement d'une manière précise m'est impossible; un peu trop de rapidité ou trop de lenteur gâterait tout le morceau. C'est pourquoi, je crois, très cher ami, qu'il vous sera plus facile d'enseigner aux Allemands votre nouvelle orthographe, qu'à moi de leur apprendre comment doit être rendu un opéra selon ma méthode, surtout dans votre contrée où d'abord on examine les règles de la composition, et où l'on méconnaît la fantaisie, parce que chez vous les musiciens ne veulent être que des maçons et non pas des architectes.

"Quoique vous n'ayez rien composé sur la mort de mon enfant, mon désir se trouve accompli, car votre *Clarisse Morte* rappelle si bien ma fille, qu'avec tout votre grand esprit, vous n'auriez rien pu faire de meilleur. C'est maintenant mon ode favorite, et il y a peu de personnes qui l'entendent sans verser des larmes.

"Vous ne savez pas pourquoi je tarde si long-temps à terminer la *Bataille d'Hermann*, c'est parce qu'avec cet ouvrage je veux clore ma carrière musicale. Jusqu'à présent les Français m'ont tant occupé, qu'il m'a été impossible d'y mettre la dernière main. Quoique la *Bataille d'Hermann* doive être ma dernière œuvre, je crois qu'elle ne serait pas la moins importantes, attendu que j'en ai réuni les idées principales à temps ou pour mieux dire, avant que l'âge ait affaibli les forces de mon imagination.

"Portez-vous bien, je suis, pour toujours, votre adorateur et admirateur.

GLUCK.

## THE MOZART CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Un *Fanatico per la Musica*, in affecting alike all styles of first-rate music, forgets that he is setting up his own idols, Rossini and Meyerbeer—whom he pronounces immaculate, and at the top of the tree—while he prates about the combatants pulling down the idols of other people. He talks also about my going to hear the *Robert* and *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer twelve times each at the *Académie Royale*; I am certain that if I were to hear each of them fifty times, I should not alter my opinion. What do the French know about Mozart's or Beethoven's operas, or any other operatic composer's works, except their own idols; as a proof that they know nothing of Handel, a friend of mine told me he went to the *Concert Spirituel*, to hear some of Handel's chorusses from the *Messiah*, played, not sung; and after listening to—"For unto us a child is born," performed in double-quick time, they attacked "And the Glory of the Lord," (which is in 3 time) *con fusco*, and played it as we would one of Haydn's minuets; *presto*. My friend states, that he could not help laughing, it was so ridiculous. In this way they performed nearly the whole of the chorusses from the *Messiah*. Thus much for Parisian knowledge. Perhaps *Un Fanatico per la Musica* (what a cognomen, why not put his own name at once), or perhaps the author of the *Sketches of Music in Paris* will inform us how often they have heard the *Robert* and *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer. If we are to estimate the ratio of a composer's fame in any department of the art by the number of times we

hear their works, then Bellini must bear the palm; for I am sure the musical world must be quite sick of *Il Puritani*, even at the sight of the name on a concert-bill. Perhaps I shall now be told that this popularity is a proof of its superiority—in a degree it may be so; the musical public will listen to inferior music, while sung by such singers as we have had these last few seasons. It is the singers, not the music, they run after.

*Appropos!* Mr. Editor, your laying open the "Mozart Controversy," puts me in mind of the old story of the Painter, who, when he exposed his picture, with directions to *point out its defects*, at night found it chalked all over; and which, when he repeated with directions, "*please to point out its beauties*," was again covered with chalk, so that you see every one is of a different opinion.

A word now to Aristides what is he talking about "Haydn being thrust from his high place among the Sovereigns of the Lyre?" Whoever dreamt of such a thing? The mention of Haydn at all, was only in comparison, he forgets the difference in their circumstances, and the many years that Haydn lived. Had Mozart lived to the great age that Haydn did, what might he not have written? Is it not astonishing how he could have written so much, considering the shortness of his life? But what is Aristides talking about, when he asserts that Mozart has copied from Pergolesi, Jomelli, Durante, Leo, Piccini, Sacchini, and Rossini? why it is sheer nonsense; Mozart copy from Rossini, when he died in the very year Rossini was born; (1792.) Fye! fye! Aristides here is a sad error in chronology. You either must have been dreaming, or else you know nothing of the subject; I think I hear you, Mr. Editor, exclaim, "Stop, Mr. Warren, we have had enough." One word for all. Did the Anti-Mozartians suppose that he was to be attacked, first by a foreign bull-dog, followed by two English mastiffs, with a snarling little puppy in the rear, biting at his heels, without the courage even of a mouse to defend him, or any help whatever? Now let them prate about my calling names if they like, I have done with it, and care not what they say.

We are indebted to poor Naldi for the first introduction of Mozart's operas on English ground. I have in my possession the manuscript score of *Die Zauberflöte*, that was first used at the Opera-house, it bears the following title, "*Die Zauberflöte, or Il Flauto Magico. Representato per il Prima Volta in Londra, li 6<sup>a</sup> di Guigno, 1811. Nel Regio Teatro D. Haymarket, per la Reale. Accademia di Musica per il Beneficio di Sig. Guiseppe Naldi, la Musica e' del celebre Maestro, Wolfgang, Mozart.*"

I perfectly remember, in 1812, when I lived in the Haymarket at the time of the great run of Mozart's operas, seeing on the occasion of *Don Giovanni* being performed, the whole street crowded with carriages, four deep, and extending as far as St. James' Church, in Piccadilly, so great was the demand for places to hear Mozart's music, such was the enthusiasm with which Mozart was received.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOSEPH WARREN.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—Friend Aristides, who figures in last week's number, did well to leave out his surname Justus; he also seems to have forgotten the principle in his argument—assertions I mean. To use his own phrases, have any assertions surpassed his in bull-headed ignorance? Have his 4th, 5th, and 6th lines ever been surpassed, as to the conclusions drawn from them? No. Then is Aristides the "first of all arguers."

But in earnest—in my humble opinion, and that of many better men, no favourer of Haydn, that is also a musician, would call his writings sublime. Elegance he has to the highest degree, but not sublimity. To say that no one has surpassed him in that point, is also to say, I never heard "Israel in Egypt." As to one Cantata (*Ariadne*), establishing his mastership in operatic writings, hardly anything need be said; but as to Symphonies, where has Haydn, in his whole number, equalled any one of the six of Mozart's. Good musicians say, nowhere; and accurate examination justifies them. His quartetts, taken collectively, i.e. in number, have not been equalled, we allow, by any other composer.



The idea of Mozart having "a musical organization almost equal to Thalberg," is amusing, and no doubt Thalberg would think it so; but to call Mozart industrious, and availing himself of other men's inventions, is directly in the face of what is known of his character; and that he was "under obligation to Rossini among others," involves a prescience in plagiarism which poor Mozart ought not to be accused of, even by Aristides, of whom however we have yet some hope, as he "allows that Mozart has undoubtedly written much to enchant the world." As I have blamed this poor man for making assertions without proof (as one instance out of hundreds I could show), let any musician (I don't mean any young man who plays the flute) look at Haydn's "Te Deum," eleven bars before the closing fugue, at "Lord have mercy," &c., and I am content at once to give up the point, if he can prove that any such *unsuitable frivolous* phrase as is there introduced, was ever used by Mozart, even in writing (as he sometimes did) tunes for a clock. J. S., Trin. Coll.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Although the communication of "Un Fanatico per la Musica" is the only well written and argumentative letter which you have published on the subject of the "Mozart Controversy," yet it contains a passage in which I am unable to concur. He would crave the monstrous and absurd pre-eminence over all other composers, which the partizans of Mozart have arrogated to him, or rather to their own pretensions to taste, uninvestigated by those who love music as an art, and who honour and venerate the memory of those who have most embellished it.

The fame of a composer who has bequeathed to posterity the results of a long life of study and labour, becomes public property, and it is the duty of every votary of such an art to vindicate so sacred a bequest. If this be true, there is incumbent on every "Fanatico" carefully to examine the pretensions of a composer, whom the *dicta* of a few professors have elevated on the highest pedestal of fame, therefore is it only just that the separate claims of those who by the general voice are proclaimed to stand amongst the first, should be carefully sifted.

One of your correspondents has suggested, that Mozart wrote his symphonies before the twelve grand symphonies of Haydn had appeared. This may be true; but it is equally true, that Haydn had written nearly a hundred symphonies in a similar style before Mozart wrote one. Therefore did Mozart learn this style of writing from Haydn, who invented it; as did he also, by his confession, learn to write quartettes and quintettes from the same illustrious source.

In my last, I wrote "Arianne a Naxos," instead of "Orfeo." The last is the "fons et origo" of the modern dramatic style of music, and in that style has been never surpassed, and scarcely equalled, by any subsequent writer.

I am, your obdnt. servant,

London, Oct. 20th, 1839.

ARISTIDES.

#### REMARKS ON THE PIANOFORTE AND ITS PROFESSORS.

About fifteen years ago, the style of music was of the best quality, as to composition, and within the reach of good amateurs:—the works of Mozart, and particularly those of Beethoven, were much in fashion; and we had not only the beauties of Cramer and Kalkbrenner in the zenith of their glory, but the earlier and more rational compositions of many eminent composers from the continent. But now, forsooth, the very idea of "sonata" is so "out of date" as to be considered quite *mauvais ton*; and nothing will go down in the present "age of intellect," but Fantasia—Capricio—Souvenir—Gem—and Lord knows what new-fangled titles; and the chief merit of which is to show who can run and jump about the piano-forte with the greatest agility. What is the consequence of this? Not one in a thousand can execute these feats of activity in the best manner; and, therefore, if a first-rate modern artist, like Czerny, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Herz, &c., were to enter a room, where even a good amateur was making the attempt, he must either be driven from the

instrument at the very sight of them, or have to finish his performance in a state of jeopardy. By this *ruse de guerre* on the part of our leading professors, the game of superiority is now artfully kept in their own hands; but when it was "the fashion" to play music far superior to that of the present day, and yet within reach of the amateur's performance, the professor could surpass him only by having recourse to his concerto or difficult fantasia. This was as it should be. What is the consequence of thus driving so many amateurs from the field? Neither the teaching nor the selling of music is anything like what it was; and the only pieces that support "the business" now, are the arrangements of melodious operas, and the very refuse of the compositions of our modern pianists. And, therefore, since our amateurs find that the works of the earlier, though better, composers, would be thought nothing of in the present day, they content themselves with the performance of those trifles which require the least possible trouble. And is this so much to be wondered at, when almost all the pianists set up for composers? and even when some of the good ones (except for studios or exercises), can only be on a par with a country doctor, or "general practitioner," who has so much running about that he cannot give up his genius—if he has any—to only one branch of his profession. If this observation is devoid of truth, how comes it that even the great Hummel himself—the most accurate extempore player in the world—the Sir Isaac Newton of pianoforte-writing—and the Dr. Johnson of the modern pianoforte-school—has never produced a symphony like Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Romberg; or an opera like Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Rossini? One of these leviathan-pianists may be the Cocker of double counterpoint, and the Dr. Johnson of all classical writing. But, after all, a man may be a Cocker or a Johnson, though not a Shakspeare or a Byron. He may have equal merit in his productions; but yet those productions may not be in a style to touch the feelings, or inspire the passions, of his audience. Nevertheless, like a great general, he has, for his profound talent, every claim to be immortalised; and it becomes our business and our duty, as students, to labour hard in his ingenious school. But when we go to hear music for *pleasure*, we must have it combined with pure nature, and inspired with the rays of brilliant genius. As to what they call "writing"—without an occasional ray of light from the simple and beautiful ideas that emanate alone from pure nature—genius—and feeling—I compare such compositions to a game of chess for the science, and a steam-engine for the execution; and therefore they have no more to do with touching the soul than has a well regulated chronometer. Why, even in a trifling nocturno of Blangini, or a little sonnet of Tom Moore, we find more natural feeling and sentiment than in the compositions of nine-tenths of the barren-soil-headed pedants, who have been super-finished in all the hieroglyphics of double counterpoint—à la Hummel—à la Sphor—and à la everything—except à la *motive*—like one possessing neither wit nor beauty, adorned with all that art can devise, for showing off to advantage; and, after all, has perhaps nothing to attract your admiration, but the consummate ingenuity of a milliner or tailor.

After the first seeds of sublime music were sown by Sebastian Bach, Handel, and other great ancient composers, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, it appears, had the first *entrée* of the garden of genius, and gathered, as it were, all the choicest flowers, with the exception, however, of some that they had not time to bear away. These were culled for the garlands of Romberg, Weber, Cherubini, and a few others. There remained also a few sweet and beautiful annuals that formed the *bouquets* of such men as Cimarosa, Paisiello, Rossini, Donizetti, &c. But, at last, there could be found only an assortment of daisies, with the nettles and weeds; and these it appears were all that remained for some of the unfortunate composers of the present day. What then can they do, being thus driven between Scylla and Charybdis? They must be either guilty of plagiarism, or produce compositions that have little but science to recommend them:—either a specimen of canon, fugue, and counter-point, which, unless worked on pleasing and effective subjects, is about as much calculated to touch the feelings as a lesson in mathematics; or a piece of harlequin-execution, as likely to delight the ear as would be the unvalued performance of Ducrow riding on three horses at once. Thus have they recourse to art, and art alone, to pawn their dandelions on the

public—like an ingenious French cook, who, by the disguise of a *farce* or a *salmi*, would enslave you into swallowing a crow or a magpie for your dinner,—ay, and persuade you too that it was a *bon morceau*, as many of these men do, by raising a hue and cry as “old and out of date” against all compositions which go to the summit of the sublime, without falling down the precipice of the ridiculous. But, mark me, a re-action will take place.—The men of *real* talent are already beginning to turn “gilded toys” into ridicule; and we all of us, and even the fools of fashion, must, sooner or later, see our error, and no longer have it said against us, that “pearls” have been thrown “to swine.” (Many may condemn such ideas as low and vulgar; but here we do not profess the superfine—we are content with plain truth.)

One of the greatest musicians in Europe, who is a good amateur of pictures, once said to me, “When I look at the painting of a professional artist, I of course take it for granted that the shades, the colours, the perspective, and the anatomy of the figures are correct. But is this sufficient? Of what avail is all science, unless applied to some good and interesting subject, which must emanate alone from natural genius and taste? So it is with music; we are constantly hearing new symphonies, where the accuracy of every bar admits not of a doubt; and even where a considerable effect, in sound, is produced by the author’s thorough knowledge of the orchestra. But, after all, there is perhaps no subject—no melody—no story told—in short, a great deal of scientific noise—and all about nothing.” On the other hand, only look, for instance, at the pastoral symphony of Beethoven, Mozart’s overture to the *Zauberflöte*, Cherubini’s overture to *Anacreon*, Weber’s hacknied, though unrivalled, overture to *Der Freischütz*, and some hundred other productions of sublime genius, and compare them to the “dry stuff” that we are now so often doomed to encounter, and then let me ask to whom it can be interesting, save and except those young men who are finishing their education in the art of harmony and composition?—But, to the audience, who for the most part consist merely of amateurs, the subject may perhaps be as amusing as a solo on the “unknown tongue;” and the working of it about as edifying as the moves of two chess players would be to a looker-on who knew nothing of the game. But, of course, some of the *soi-disant* amateurs ask the master’s opinion, and if that favours the composition—why then, of course, they pretend to be charmed with it. I remember a pedantic young cub, who had just been finished in all the rules of harmony and composition, on hearing a hard-laboured and scientific symphony, exclaiming to one of our greatest composers, “What writing!” And the composer dryly answered, “What about?”—meaning, of course, that fine speaking, as it were, without an appropriate subject, or fine language, without either plot or ideas, could only be interesting to those who were still labouring in their education. Many may say, “Are we to have *toujours perditrix*, and never give encouragement to rising talents?” I answer—Not at all; on the contrary, I would be the man of all others to encourage them; but not at the expense of suppressing that which is superior, and, therefore, I expressly dedicate my observations to those, and those only, who have the impudence to cry down, as “out of date,” immortal authors whose works have never yet been equalled by those of modern composers.

If I were to speak of the late Dussek, Steibelt, or Woelfl in 1834, I should be laughed at. But if I were to say that, for *genius*, at all events, Dussek, Steibelt, and Woelfl would have put nine-tenths of the 1834-composers in their pockets, I should tell no untruth.

With regard to all great artists, as I before observed, it is absurd to draw comparisons about their talent, as each has his particular *forte*; for example, who could apply the word “inferior” to any one of such singers as Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Schroeder Devrient, Cinti, Rubini, or Haltzinger? Or to such pianists as Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Field, and perhaps a dozen others? But on one instrument—the violin—we certainly have a phenomenon, and it is needless to say I mean Paganini. Here we really have a “best player.” The masterly precision of Hummel—the vivacity and genius of Herz—the combination of both in Moscheles and Mendelssohn—the soul, or exquisite sensibility, of Cramer—and the graceful elegance, taste, and superior finish, over every



other player, of Kalkbrenner, are all concentrated in, and even surpassed by, this one man on his four strings.

[I should apologise for having here, in my careless mode of writing, placed the singers before the pianists; because, although they assume more consequence, are more patronised, and much better paid, their art is a mere trifle compared to that of good instrumental performance.]

Having now said enough, and perhaps too much, about our modern musicians, let me add a few observations relative to instruction in the art, which is more in accordance with the subject of this little treatise. One way to study an instrument, I mean to make a good show, and pass off for a player, is to learn a piece a line at a time, and never leave it till you can execute every note, even when trembling before an attentive audience. Another is to be constantly picking out new music with a master, every day, till you can safely be trusted to do so alone. *A combination of these two modes of study, is the only way to make a first rate artist.* But there is a third, most common in the English boarding schools (where, by the way, the time allowed for a lesson is rarely sufficient to do justice to either master or pupil), and that is to set long tasks to be played, or rather carelessly got through, without stopping, by the time the master comes again; and as soon as they, what they call "go" fluently, to take up another piece. This is neither reading nor finishing, and therefore the most unprofitable of all study, and the only one by which it is impossible to become a finished player. It may, however, be sometimes the fault of the *pupil* that this mode of teaching has been adopted; as it frequently occurs, that when great pains have been taken to select a piece calculated for improvement, it does not happen to suit the student's caprice or fancy, and is therefore never practised with diligence.

The master should give half his lesson on a *short* task for practice, and then devote the other half to reading; at the same time explaining why each particular fingering must be prepared for the ensuing passages, &c.; and for the latter purpose, all schools should have a library of classical piano-forte works. The object, perhaps, in half-playing so many pieces is for the profit on the music. Now, I don't want to touch the professor's pocket, and thereby lose his friendship; but I would rather agree to give him double pay than waste his pupil's valuable time by this charlatan style of teaching. There is only one mode of practice that may sometimes be had recourse to in a slovenly manner, and that is, to let a pupil, who is pretty forward, read duets or easy pieces, at first sight, in a tolerably quick movement, in order to give him facility in attacking strange passages, and in catching the style of different authors. But, in doing this, he should play with a good musician; and, after he has thus profitably amused himself for as long as a good player is kind enough to work with him, he should return for a short time to a little slow and accurate practice.

Let me now relate a circumstance, in order to show the advantage of the latter. A friend and protégé of mine, some years ago, went to London to study the pianoforte, and took a first rate master—I forget whether Cramer or Kalkbrenner. He was a determined Fanatico, and made it a rule to practise a certain number of hours every day, in the usual manner—that is, faster than he could strictly perform. But, being lodged with an orthodox landlady, he did not wish to get turned out of good quarters, by making too much noise on a Sunday. So, rather than let his studies be one day in the arrear, he devoted the Sabbath entirely to carefully reading, at first sight, sacred music, and other adagios, while counting the time to Maclzel's Metronome. Of this he, every Sunday, made a practice of at least two hours. What was the result? He found that he learnt more on a Sunday than in all the rest of the week out together! Speaking of the metronome—poor old Clementi once said to me, "Let no blockhead ever dissuade you from occasionally reading with a metronome; because, if you have a soul for music, your feelings will naturally incline you to hurry, which is inimical to correct practice; and I defy all the metronomes in the world to injure your feeling for music after you have put them away." Here he is perfectly right; it is quite as impossible that a metronome would take feeling out of a pupil, as that by any means feeling could be put into him, if he had it not by nature. If you wish to make progress in music, on anything else, avoid all idle how-

d'y-e-do-ers, time-killers, and "twaddlers;" because, in such company, you soon fritter away an hour or two that might be employed to some useful purpose. What can be more annoying, at the very moment when a man's mind is absorbed in study or business, than to be waylaid and detained by an idle fellow, who opens on him a battery of frivolous chatter?

When you have a master, never object to purchasing and playing his compositions; for, depend on it, if he allows you to pass over any *other* music in an unfinished manner, he will take especial care that no pains shall be spared in doing justice to *his own*. Moreover, you will, by playing his music, take the best means of acquiring his style—if worthy of imitation—not to say a word of the good feeling that all authors have towards those who admire and patronise their works.

One of the reasons why there are not more great amateur players in England, is this—the parents go to a concert, and hear some first rate pianist; they then secure him for a master, at a guinea a lesson. What is the consequence? why, they had much better give him a guinea to stay away. He is above teaching the minutiae; and the pupil is taught to play a piece of his, like a parrot, while he well knows, that, although he is pleasing both the pupil and the parent, he is wasting the time of the one, and picking the pocket of the other. A pupil has no business with a first rate man till perfectly at home in all the mechanical department, and even tolerably versed in grace and expression. Then a "finishing master," if he has the talent for imparting to others what he knows himself, is well worth five guineas a lesson. Those who neglect attending to this advice will be sure to repent it. To conclude, as to style. A pianist who plays too loud, and has consequently no shade left, is like a wild young man, who exhausts his money in waste, and consequently finds himself in poverty when expenditure becomes necessary. This is the great error with all young professors when they perform in public. Through fear of not being heard, they play on so dark a ground, as to leave but little scope for *crescendo*; and they seldom venture to play *pianissimo*. Here we see the difference between the exquisite performance of men like Cramer, Kalbrenner, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, &c. and Mr. Such-a-one, pupil of Mr. So-and-so; who will, perhaps, play a piece as correctly as any man in Europe, and yet produce but little effect on the feelings of his audience.—*Advice to a Nobleman on Playing the Piano-Forte.* Longman, 1834.

#### REVIEW.

##### *Gems of German Song* (Ewer, Bow Church-yard.)

In our last number we reviewed the sixth book of this valuable work; it seems however, advisable, as the intervals of publication have been rather long, and as our former notices have been something too cursory, to recapitulate the contents of the earlier books; and while we cordially recommend the whole series, to particularize such pieces as appear to us of transcendent merit.

We have heard some of them executed by amateurs in the original German; but consider good English versions far preferable. Our compatriots are apt to exaggerate the "whistling, grunting, guttural," which has the additional disadvantage of not being understood by nine-tenths of an English audience. Moreover, the analogy of the German and English languages generally admits of a very close translation, modified a little, where the sentiments of the "Dichter" are too dreamy and nebulous for a less imaginative public. Now, the literary part of this work leaves nothing to be desired. Book 1st contains eight pieces.

No. 1.—*Ah, woe is me* (Weber.) No. 2.—*The song of the Lute* (Keller.) No. 3.—*The Exile* (Keller.) No. 4.—*The Wanderer* (Schubert.) No. 5.—*Fairest Maiden* (Werner.) No. 6.—*The Gravedigger* (Kalliwoda.) No. 7.—*The Outlaw's Death* (Müller.) No. 8.—*The two Roses* (Schubert.) Nos. 1 and 2 are graceful bagatelles. Schubert's "Wanderer" is too well known to detain us; it is a lovely gem, every note tells, and every bar bears the stamp of genius.

Nos. 3 and 5 are clever bass songs. Kalliwoda's "Grave-digger" has striking merit, with a capital bass accompaniment in triplets, and a superb chromatic ascent in the last verse.

No. 7.—Also for a bass, is cast in the deepest gloom of the minor, and exhales a cadaverous aroma.

No. 8 is but so so.

Book 2d contains eight pieces. No. 1.—*Thine is my Heart* (Schubert.) No. 2.—*The Gallant Comrade* (Kreutzer.) No. 3.—*First Love* (Reissiger.) No. 4.—*What woke me* (Werner.) No. 5.—*Dearest Home* (Otto.) No. 6.—*She is Mine* (Curschman.) No. 7.—*Love and Courage* (Reissiger.) No. 8.—*Lovely Clouds* (Ditto.)

No. 1. is a charming little canzonett, suited to any voice. It is marked "Ungeduld," or Impatience.

No. 2. is not remarkable.

No. 3. is a fine Scena, composed of a Larghetto in  $\frac{3}{4}$ , followed by an Allegro Amorooso in common time; the latter, however, trespasses too much on Der Freyschutz. This is for a tenor or soprano.

Nos. 4, 5 and 6, are pleasing trifles.

No. 7. is a piece of much character; an arpeggio G minor accompaniment leading to the major.

No. 8. is a fine air, in 4 flats for a bass voice.

Book 3d contains 9 pieces. No. 1.—*Adieu* (Schubert.) No. 2.—*All is over* (Weber.) No. 3.—*Evening* (Methfessel.) No. 4.—*Hopeless Love* (Spohr.) No. 5.—*My Dream of Love* (Spohr.) No. 6.—*Absence* (Hauptmann.) No. 7.—*Love is a Traitor* (Weber.) No. 8.—*To my Lute* (Methfessel.) No. 9.—*Farewell for ever* (Weber.)

No. 1. is another of Schubert's most striking tenor songs; its originality and powerful expression command admiration wherever it is heard. The English adaptation is admirable.

Nos. 2 and 3 do not call for remark.

Nos. 4 and 5 are two very pathetic little pieces; the chromatic style of the composer is immediately recognized.

No. 7. is an exceedingly pretty ballad, of an arch and sprightly character, and must please universally.

Nos. 6, 8 and 9, are clever in their way.

Book 4th contains No. 1.—*On Parting* (H. Dorn.) No. 2.—*The voice which I did more esteem* (F. Otto.) No. 3.—*The Shepherd to his Fair One* (Spohr.) No. 4.—*Marion's Complaint* (Weber.) No. 5. *Tell me thou Soul* (Osthoff.) No. 6.—*Come peace of mind* (Spohr.) No. 7.—*My dear and only Love* (Busse.) No. 8.—*The sun was sunk* (Doering.)

The words of this Book are adapted from some of our own poets. All the pieces are very pleasing, and easy to execute, without showing any marked originality. Nos. 4 and 6 are the best.

Book 5th contains 6 pieces. No. 1.—*On the Bridge* (Berling.) No. 2.—*Beneath the Sacred Walls* (Eberwein.) No. 3.—*Evening* (Clossius.) No. 4.—*The Midnight Serenade* (Reissiger.) No. 5. *The Journey* (Mendelssohn.) No. 6.—*Blue Eyes* (Behring.)

No. 1. is rather eccentric.

No. 2. is a majestic strain for a bass voice.

No. 3. is a beautiful and touching adagio, suited to a deep contralto, Reissiger's serenade is a good specimen of its class.

No. 5. is one of those graphic pieces that have all the effect of a good picture. A lover is galloping furiously, at night, through wind and sleet, panting to reach the abode of his mistress, and filled with the ecstasy of anticipation. The accompaniment should be dashed off smartly, and the singer should take a preliminary dose of nitrous oxide.

No. 6. is an agreeable bass song; the commencement reminding us of "*Benedetta sia la Madre*."

For a notice of Book 6th, see the preceding number.

## MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

## FOREIGN.

PARIS.—De Beriot has left for Munich, Vienna, and Russia. Benedict is gone to Stuttgart, to superintend the bringing out of his opera *The Gipsy's Warning*, after which he will proceed to London. The same opera is to be brought out at the Opera Comique here, with a new *libretto*, by Scribe.

Moscheles is still with us, and will not leave until the middle of next month, when he will depart for London.

The only novelty spoken of, to be brought out at the Italian Opera, is Romani's *Innes de Castro*.

A new piece by Marliani is in preparation at the Grand Opera, also an opera by Halévy, called *Le Drapier*.

## PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

CHELTEMHAM.—*The Last Musical Promenade of the Season* took place on Saturday afternoon at the Montpellier Gardens. The following was the selection:—

PART I.—Grand March in Oberon, Weber. Polonaise, Bressant. Glee, Blow, gentle gales! Bishop, Quartetto and Polacca, I Puritani, Bellini. Overture, Cenerentola, Rossini.

PART II.—Waltz, Labyrinth, Lanner. Air, In native worth, Haydn. Cavatina, Don Giovanni (non me dir), Mozart. Duetto, In Norma, Bellini. Grand Chorus, Hallelujah, Handel. God Save the Queen.

The Season of 1839 may be considered as closed, for with the departure of the Montpellier Band we must prepare to take leave of all those gaieties which so pre-eminently distinguish the summer in Cheltenham, and have secured for it a place in public estimation, such as, certainly, no other town in this, or, we believe, in any other kingdom ever before enjoyed. The Promenade Balls have already danced "their last set," and the musical morning and afternoon performances at the Spas have also terminated.

*The Reduced Band*, to consist, as in former years, of four instruments only (harp, clarinet, flute, and violoncello), commenced its winter performances on Monday morning, in the Promenade Room of the Montpellier Spa.

Another Concert it seems is yet to take place before winter sets in. Mr. Alban Croft, has announced a Musical Soirée to take place at the Assembly Rooms to-morrow evening. Besides himself and Madame Croft, Madlle Parigiani, whose *debut* in Cheltenham, at Mr. Sapio's concert, created an impression greatly in her favour, is to contribute the aid of her services on the occasion. Mr. Bishop will preside at the pianoforte.

[It is really amusing to read the advertisements of Concerts in the country papers and to observe the announcement of the performances and the performers—"Mr. Alban Croft from the London Public and Nobility's Concerts, Madame Croft from Her Majesty's Italian Opera, Miss Harriet Gardiner from the London Concerts, and Madlle Parigiani, *Academia Filarmonica di Bologna*, Signor Corrado, and Signor P. Achille. In the course of the evening Madame Croft and Madlle Parigiani will sing the Duet of "Lasciami non T'ascolto," (Tancredi) as sung by Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia and Madame Grist; and Mr. Alban Croft will sing the Grand Scena, 'Mad Tom,' which has always been encored." Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft we certainly recognize, but who the other singers are we know not. Miss Harriet Gardiner may be from the London Concerts, but we do not recollect the pleasure of hearing her at any of them. Signor Corrado sounds much like a perversion of Conrad, and we should have taken it for Boissangre were he not at this time singing very successfully in Arne's Opera of Artaxerxes at Covent Garden under the name of Borrani. As to Signor Achille, he may be Achilles himself for any thing we know to the contrary. We trust that the Cheltenham folks will appreciate Mr. Croft's singing of the "Grand Scena" Mad Tom, "which has always been encored!" and not oblige Mr. Croft hereafter to add, "except at Cheltenham."—E. M. W.]

NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. Charles M'Korkell's Concert took place on the 16th inst. A larger or more fashionable audience has rarely been assembled on a similar occasion in our County Hall. The Concert opened with a grand trio from Mayseder, admirably performed by Messrs. Blagrove, Lindley, and Charles M'Korkell. Blagrove, who afterwards played a violin solo of his own composition, and a fantasia by Mayseder, and took part in a duet with Lindley—youthful as he is in appearance, and we presume, in reality also, is old in the knowledge of his instrument, which he manages with exquisite taste and skill. We know of no English violinist who can be brought into comparison with him. It was a pleasure to witness the cordial welcome with which the veteran Lindley was received. Musical audiences, as well as other audiences, make sad mistakes sometimes, applauding awfully in the wrong place, and letting go by unnoticed the chiefest claims to their atten-

tion. But here there was no mistake; every cheer which brought a bland smile into that hearty face was thoroughly deserved. Lindley's reputation, high and long enduring, as it has been, is not a whit higher or firmer than the strictest justice demands. What a marvellous instrument is the violoncello in his hands. How deep, how rich, how trumpet-toned; yet how clear and how flute-like also! And what purity and sweetness characterize his harmonics! "Giddy violins, that do whate'er they please," cannot do more, or be more giddy upon occasion than the violoncello of Lindley. Mr. Charles M'Korkell, in a fantasia of Thalberg's on the pianoforte and in a fantasia Irlandoise, on the harp, justified the high opinion entertained by all who have had the pleasure of listening to him, of his mastery over both those instruments. His sister, Miss Emma M'Korkell, accompanied her brother on the pianoforte, in a harp and pianoforte duet excellently. The vocalists were Miss Bruce and Miss Dolby. Both ladies sang very delightfully; and Miss Dolby was deservedly encored in a sweet little cazonet by S. Lover—the poet, artist, and musician, called "The Angels Whisper," founded on an Irish superstition that when a child smiles in its sleep, the angels are whispering to it. The Concert concluded with a grand duet by Messrs. Blagrove and Lindley, we need hardly add—exquisitely performed.

BIRMINGHAM.—The first of the *Concerts in aid of the Building Fund of the Mechanics' Institution*, took place on Wednesday evening the 16th, at the Town Hall, commencing with a manuscript overture, by D' Annini, a composer quite unknown among us here, though on the Continent he is considered very effective in his orchestral compositions; indeed the managers could not well do otherwise than give this composition a trial, as it came to England recommended by the great Paganini—a name alone sufficient to secure it that attention which, we are happy to say, it received last evening. The beautiful madrigals, "Now, oh! now," and "Welcome sweet pleasure," were performed with a precision and taste that we scarcely ever heard before. Phillips introduced an Irish ballad, "The Lake of Killarney," we believe, for the first time here; it is a rich piece, and must take its place among his best efforts. Of his song of "Woman," nothing need be said, as also of the laughing song; they could not have been better introduced, as the audience seemed quite prepared for a laugh, and they *had one*; all three were encored. Mrs. Wood was in excellent voice, and we scarcely ever heard her to more advantage: "Fortune's frowns," was an excellent performance; and in the ballad, "The unwilling bride," she displayed the most correct knowledge of poetic feeling and musical intonation we ever remember to have heard. Mr. Wood's "Yes! even Love," was very respectable, certainly; but the style in which Mr. Braham sung it, at the last Concert, given by the same parties, is still in our ears. "The Maid of Llangollen" was beautifully sung. "From rosy bowers," by Miss Masson, was splendidly executed; a recommendation in its favour was—that it was not spoiled with a band accompaniment as some of this great master's scenes sometimes are. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Pearsall, we are happy to say, made choice of songs admirably suited to his vocal powers. His song "The four-leaved Shamrock," was beautifully sung, and as beautifully accompanied on the organ by Mr. Adams: the same may be said of "Alexis," and the violoncello obligato by Mr. W. Lindley. The glee, "With sighs sweet rose," and trio, "My Dorabella," were not so effective as they might have been—we should say that they were not rehearsed, or the parties are not in the habit of singing together; a matter so essentially requisite in concerted music. Hayward has much improved since we heard him, and we do hope that we shall soon hear him again; we recommend him still to practice (in his *leading* especially,) and he must become a most valuable acquisition to an orchestra, and an ornament to the profession. The almost insurmountable difficulties which he has introduced in the variations to his "German air," appear to vanish before his magic bow; whilst the pizzicato movements create a variety that is truly astonishing. Mr. Adams also made his first appearance among us, and displayed that most extraordinary tact, in two extempore pieces, in which we should say he is certainly unrivalled; his pedaling is astonishing; and in taking up the subject of the fugue, he showed an extraordinary command over the pedals, as well as the keys; we heard the celebrated Mendelssohn in a fugue, but his was not extempore. The overture to Saul was introduced evidently for the organ obligato, and the omission of a portion of it was very judicious. The hall was exceedingly well filled, and we understand that the receipts would amount to about 380*l*.

The Concert of Thursday evening comprised the same talent as the former one. Mr. Hayward performed two of his compositions on the violin, and Mr. Adams an extemporaneous piece and a fantasia also extempore, introducing several subjects from Weber and Marschner, on the organ. The Concerts were highly successful, and contributed, in a great degree, to the object for which they were given. Mr. Edward Taylor, Gresham professor of music, has announced his intention to deliver a series of lectures on English Dramatic Music; the first of which will be given at Dee's Hotel, on the 13th of the ensuing month.



## HERITAGE OF MISCELLANEOUS, VARIOUS WAYS

**NEW ORGAN.**—We are glad to hear that the inhabitants of St. Peter's, Cornhill, are about to erect an organ on the *German scale*, in their parish church, and that they have already subscribed upwards of 300*l* towards this desirable object. We believe there is not any instrument on this plan in any of the metropolitan churches, notwithstanding the high terms in which the organ erected by Messrs. Gray for the Grand Festival held in Exeter Hall in 1836, was spoken of by Mr. Gauntlett in the pages of the "Musical World," and by the writers of the different notices which appeared in the various journals of that time. Our *organic* friends will not have forgotten this magnificent pedal organ which the Exeter Hall amateurs would have done wisely in securing for the choral performances that have taken place there since that period; however, the Sacred Harmonic Society was then in its infancy. At the present time there are but few *players* in the metropolis who are organists; this arises from the imperfections of the instruments on which they perform, being frequently *without* pedals, and having *short octaves*, both fatal to the formation of the organist. We trust the example thus set will be speedily followed by other parishes in the City of London, where new instruments are so much required.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE**, under the management of Bunn, is to open on the 2nd of November. Both Braham and Phillips are engaged.

**THE NORWICH FESTIVAL** has produced a surplus of 1295*l*, 800*l*, of which will be divided among the various public charities in the city, and the remainder will be appropriated towards the purchasing of music &c. for the purpose of rendering the choral society one of the first in the kingdom. The committee of management proposed to give Professor Taylor a gratuity of fifty guineas, beyond what he was paid for conducting; but he declined accepting it, at the same time recommending that a donation be presented towards the formation of a public musical library to be attached to Gresham College; when the sum of twenty guineas was voted for that purpose.

**THE HARMONIPHON.**—A musical instrument lately invented by M. Paris of Dijon, has attracted much notice in France. It resembles the instrument called the *Concertina*, but seems to be superior in some respects to it. The sound is produced by the vibration of thin metallic plates, and it is played by keys like those of the pianoforte; but the air which acts upon the vibrating substances, instead of proceeding from bellows within the instrument, is blown by the *mouth* through an elastic tube. The excellence of the instrument, accordingly, consists in this, that, while the fingers on the keys merely mark the different notes on the scale, the *expression* lies in the mouth. It is the living breath of the performer which gives accent, articulation, and emphasis to the notes, as in the oboe and clarionet, and enables the performer to "discourse most eloquent music," in a manner which the production of sound by the mechanical contrivance of a bellows does not admit of. The *Harmoniphon* is made in three varieties: the first is of the compass of the oboe, the second of the Corno Inglese, and the third (of a larger size than the others) combines both these instruments, and has a compass of three octaves. This instrument is highly approved by the French composers; and one of them, M. Adolphe Adam, has given an account of it in the *Monde Dramatique*, in which its capabilities are pointed out. It is calculated, in particular, to be of great utility in provincial orchestras, where it is an excellent substitute for the *oboe*—an instrument as disagreeable in the hands of an ordinary performer, as it is delightful in those of a Grattan Cooke. Accordingly, we are informed, the *Harmoniphon* has already been adopted in the orchestras of many provincial theatres and musical societies.

THALBERG left London on Monday evening, on a professional tour, through the midland counties, accompanied by Mrs. A. Toulmin, Miss Lucombe, Parry, Jun., and Richardson, the flute player.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. on Mozart's Requiem, in our next; also the letter of "Indicator," on the absurdities of the "Era." We have received the "Post-office order," from Ely, and will attend to the request contained in our correspondent's letter.

We shall reserve a nook in our next, for the promised communication of "A Constant Reader."

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  25. Teco Vorei, Cavatina..... *Mariani*
  26. La Marquise d'Amœgny, Bolero..... *Beauplan*
  27. La Brigantine, Barcarolle, à 2 voix..... *Lagomère*
  28. Le Chevrier de la Montagne..... *Panseron*
  29. Si la mar fuera de tinta, Tirana..... *Gomis*
  30. Le Couvre-fen, Ballade..... *Duchamptje*
  31. Le Départ du Marinier, Barcarolle..... *Musini*
  32. L'Amante Scornue, Canzone populaire..... *Puget*
  33. La Re traite, Romance..... *Berat*
  34. Ma Normandie, Romance..... *Berat*
  35. Michelennu, Canzone di Pescatore..... *Puget*
  36. Toi, Romance..... *Puget*
  37. Venise est en core..... *Niedermayer*
  38. Il Prato, Arietta..... *Musini*
  39. Mon rocher a St. Malo, Romance..... *Puget*
  40. La Ingrata, Chanson Espagnol..... *Air National*

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